

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

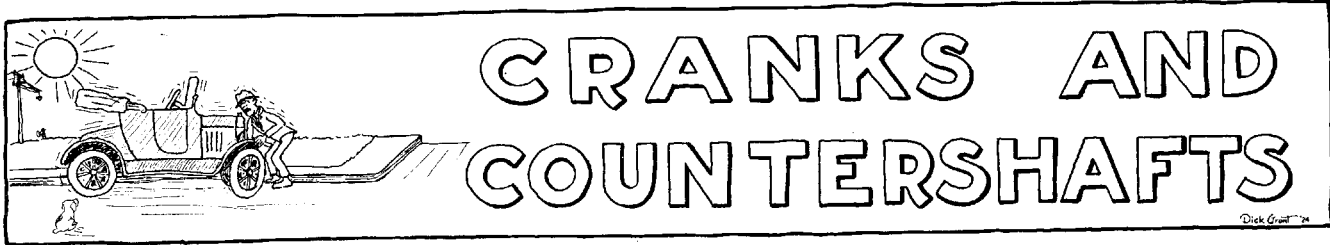
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FRATERNITY HOUSE RULES

Always set your alarm clock for 5 A. M. After the alarm has gone off set it again for 7:30 A. M. This gives you a chance to make your eight o'clock class. Disregard the comment of the brothers if your alarm should disturb their slumbers and things. Hit the deck promptly at 7:30, and never wake the brothers who have eight o'clocks. Playfully pull the covers off the ones who have ten o'clocks. This tends to broaden the vocabulary. Shave with your own razor. Never use your own shaving cream, save it until the holidays. Pick out the best clothes in the room and wear them. This is sure to give the much desired collegiate effect. In dry, cold weather never wear your roommate's slicker, as this is an unpardonable sin. Always borrow the best sheepskin in the house. Before leaving the house collect all the cigarettes that you may find. This deprives the brothers of their early morning smoke, thus increasing their vitality. If you are short on the long green take up a collection, no one will object if it goes to a worthy cause. When you leave the house at five minutes of eight, wake everyone who has an eight o'clock. This gives them a chance to break all previous speed records, if any. If you make your eight o'clock before the roll is called never answer for the absent brothers, as this would be a 'faux pas.' When the afore-mentioned absentees dash in greet them with a 'Cheerio, old bean,' or words to that effect, they will be glad to see you. This greeting will also mark you as a man of the world. You will probably have a busy day from this point on.

Copies of the rules for your bulletin board are on sale by the editor. No checks will be accepted.

GUIDE HIM

As Pat and Mike were driving their coal wagons down the avenue, they were suddenly halted by a funeral procession. Pat waited in silence until the hearse had passed and then turning to Mike, he slowly said: "Mike, I wish I knew where I was going to die!"

Mike—But sure, Pat, what good would it do ye?

Pat—Why, Mike, I'd never go near the place.—Punch Bowl.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

By Lee Pape

The Alfabet.—The alfabet is loose spelling, before its put together. Ther is 26 letters in the alfabet if you say it rite and less wen you say it too fast trying to show off. If you counted the capitols there would be 52 letters, only you don't, on account of the capitols being thrown in free.

Every letter in the alfabet is intitled to its own shape, but peeple dont allwais remember that; being wat makes their writing hard to reed.

The alfabet allwais has its letters in the same place, making it hard to remember at ferst and hard to forget afterwards. For instants O allwais comes before P and Q comes after it, but OPQ dont spell anything, at leest in English, wich its properly a good thing it dont, on account of the way it would sound.

One persin reciting the alfabet dont make it sound very important, but when the hole class recites it at once it sounds wonderfill, proving why it takes so many men to make a orkester.

Every sentence awt to begin with a capitol letter and end with a period, the capitol letter being more for appearances sake but the period proving the sentence is reely over and its time to stop and think about it.

Prof—Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States.
Frosh—1492; none.—Whirlwind.

ROOMS

A chamber pink, with dainty lounge
And shades like peaches bloom.
Fair pictures hang on every side,—
The football's captain room.

A bed, a chair, and four bare walls,
A window, high and small.
'Tis here the poet pens his words
Which charm you and enthrall.

Some boxing gloves and photographs
Of fighters in a scrap,
A room chuck full of manly gear,—
Here lives Phi Beta Kap.

—Tiger.

An Irishman, seeing a fish of unusual size on the wharf, looked at it for a few moments and turning to a bystander remarked, "The man what caught that fish is a liar."—Bison.

PRACTICAL RELIGION

"They're building a new brick church down the street."

"Makes it handy, doesn't it?"

"Yeh, glad to have some place to scratch a match along there."—Sun Dodger.

A WHAT?

I bumped into a seedy bit of humanity in the park the other day. We talked about several things. Finally I asked him what he liked to talk about better than anything else and he told me he knew a good bit about pipes and our conversation was as follows:

"What kind of a pipe do you like best?"

"Oh, a good strong straight one."

"I like a curved one."

"You do? They are——"

"After a little practice, it's easy to get them to set right."

"It may be, but if a curved one gets stopped up, it's hard to clean out."

"Quite true. What color do you like best?"

"Color doesn't mean anything to me. Usually I find them painted black."

"First time I ever heard of a pipe being painted."

"They paint them to preserve them."

"What kind of tobacco do you smoke?"

"I never smoked."

"Never smoked?"

"No. I'm a plumber. What did you think I was?"
—Stonemill.

Francis Guest (appearing in doorway in deshabelle)—
A man has jumped from the twentieth story window!

Elevator Boy (stifling a yawn)—Why didn't he wait, the poor dub—I'd have taken him down.—Tiger.

DIPLOMACY

He didn't know just how to begin. The taxi was moving fast with the meter keeping time. He was losing precious coin and probably precious minutes. At last he hit upon an idea.

"Er—are you—er—interested in politics?" he asked. She looked at him in half-veiled disgust.

"Of course not!" she sniffed.

"Well, I was just wondering whether you were a conservative or a liberal," he explained.

He wasn't as dumb as she thought he was.—Brown Jug.

"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"Where did you say you were from?"